THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 48] SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1805 [WHOLE No. 152

FAMILY PRIDE, *and* PARENTAL CRUELTY.

Exemplified in the interesting History of Mons. and Madame du F—

(From Letters written in France in the Summer of 1790. *By Miss Helen Maria Williams.)*

(Continued from Page 370.*)*

A YOUNG gentleman, who was confined in a cell on one side of Mons. du F——'s, contrived to make a small hole through the wall; and these companions in misfortune, by placing themselves close to the hole, could converse together in whispers. But the monks were not long in discovering this, and effectually deprived them of so great an indulgence, by removing them to distant cells. These unrelenting monks, who performed with such fidelity their office of tormenting their fellow-creatures, who never relaxed in one article of persecution, and adhered with scrupulous rigor to the code of cruelty, were called "*Les Freres de la Sainte Charite.*"* One among them deserved the appellation. This good old monk used to visit the prisoners by stealth, and endeavored to administer comfort to their affliction. Often he repeated to Mons. du F—— "Mon cher frere, consolez vous; mettez votre confiance en Dieu, vos maux seront finis.†

Mons. du F—— remained two years in prison without receiving any intelligence of his wife, on whose account he suffered the most distracting anxiety. He had reason to apprehend that her frame, which had already been enfeebled by her misfortunes, would sink beneath this additional load of misery, and that she would perhaps be rendered unable to procure that little pittance, which might preserve herself and her child from want. At length one of his fellow prisoners, who was going to regain his liberty, took charge of a letter to Madame du F——, and flattered him with hope of finding some means of transmitting to him an answer.

The letter paints so naturally the situation of his mind, that I have translated some extracts from it.

"My thoughts (he says) are unceasingly occupied about you, and my dear little girl, I am for ever recalling the blessed moments when I had the happiness of being near you, and at that recollection my tears refuse to be controuled. How could I consent to separate myself from what was most dear to me in the world? No motive less powerful than that of seeking your welfare, and that of my child, could have determined me—and alas! I have not accomplished this end. I know too well that you have never received that sum of money which I thought I had secured for you, and for which I risked the first blessing of life. What fills my mind with the greatest horror, in the solitude of my prison, is the fear that you are suffering difficulties in a foreign country. Here I remain ignorant of your fate, and can only offer to Heaven the most ardent vows for your welfare.

"What joy would a letter from you give me! but I dare not flatter myself with the hope of such sweet consolation. All I can assure myself of is that, though separated, perhaps for ever, our souls are united by the most tender friendship and attachment.——— Perhaps I may not find it possible to write to you again for a long while: but be assured that no menaces, no sufferings, no dungeons, shall ever shake my fidelity to you, and that I shall love you to the last hour of my existence. I find a consolation in the reflection that it is for you I suffer. If providence ever permits us to meet again, that moment will efface the remembrance of all my calamities. Live my dearest wife in that hope. I conjure you preserve your life for my sake, and for the sake of your dear little girl! Embrace

* *The brothers of the Holy Charity.*

† *My dear brother, be comforted; place your confidence in God; your afflictions will have an end.*

her tenderly for me, and desire her also to embrace you for her poor papa. I need not recommend my child to the care of so tender a mother; but I conjure you to inspire her mind with the deepest sense of religion. If she is born to inherit the misfortunes of her father, this will be her best source of consolation.

"Whatever offers may be made you by my father, I exhort you never have the weakness to listen to them, but preserve your rights and those of my dear little girl, which, perhaps, may one day be of some value. If you are still at Mrs. D——'s boarding school, tell her that I recommend my wife and child to her compassion —But what am I saying? I am ignorant if you are still with her, ignorant whether the dearest objects of my affection still live! But I trust that providence has preseved you. Adieu! May God Almighty bless you, and my child! I never cease imploring him to have pity on the widow and the orphan in a land of strangers."

You, my dear friend, who have felt the tender attachments of love and friendship, and the painful anxieties which absence occasions, even amidst scenes of variety and pleasure; who understand the value at which tidings from those we love is computed in the arithmetic of the heart; who have heard with almost uncontroulable emotion the postman's rap at the door: have trembling seen the well-known hand which excited sensations that almost deprived you of power to break the seal which seemed the talisman of happiness. You can judge of the feelings of Mons. du F——, when he received, by means of the samefriend who had conveyed his letter, an answer from his wife. But the person who brought the letter to his dungeon, dreading the risk of a discovery, insisted, that, after having read it, he should return it to him immediately. Mons. du F—— pressed the letter to his heart, bathed it with his tears, and implored the indulgence of keeping it at least till the next morning. He was allowed to do so, and read it till every word was imprinted on his memory; and after enjoying the sad luxury of holding it that night on his bosom, was forced the next morning to relinquish his treasure.

On the 10th of October, 1780, the baron du F—— came to the convent, and ordered the monks to bring his son from his dungeon to the parlour, and leave them together. With the utmost reluctance. Mons. du F—— obeyed the summons, having lost all hope of softening the obdurate heart of his father. when the monk withdrew, the baron began upbraiding him in the most bitter terms, for his obstinate resistance to his will, which, he informed him, had availed nothing as he had gained his suit at law, and recovered the seven hundred pounds. Mons. du F—— replied, that the pain he felt from this intelligence would have been far more acute, had his wife been deprived, with his concurrence, of the money which was promised for her subsistence, and on the reliance of which promise he had been tempted to leave England. His father then enquired if he still persisted in his adherance to the disgraceful connexion he had formed, to which his son answered, that not merely were his affections interested, but that his honor obliged him to maintain, with inviolable fidelity, a solemn and sacred engagement.

The rage of the baron at these words became unbounded. He stamped the ground with his feet; he aimed a stroke at his son, who, taking the advantage of this moment of frenzy, determined to attempt his escape; and rushing out of the apartment, and avoiding that side of the convent which the monks inhabited, he endeavored to find his way to the garden, but missed the passage which led to it. He then flew up a stair-case, from which he heard the voice of his father calling for assistance. Finding that all the doors which he passed were shut, he continued ascending till he reached the top of the building, where meeting with no other opening than a hole made in the sloping roof to let in light to a garret, he climbed up, with much difficulty, and then putting his feet through the hole, and letting his body out by degrees, he supported himself for a moment on the roof, and deliberated on what he was about to do. But his mind was at this crisis, wrought up to a pitch of desperation which mocked the suggestions of fear. He quitted his hold, and, flinging himself from a height of nearly fifty feet, became insensible before he reached the ground, where he lay weltering in his blood, and to all appearance dead.

He had fallen on the high road leading from Rouen to Caen. Some peowho were passing gathered round him, and one person, having washed the blood from his face, instantly recognized his features, and exclaimed to the astonished croud, that he was the eldest son of the baron du F——. Upon examining his body, it was found that he had broken his arm, his thigh, his ancle bone, and his heel, besides having received many violent bruises. He still remained in a state of insensibility; and while these charitable strangers were using their efforts to restore him to life, the monks hastened from their convent, snatched their victim from those good Samaritans who would have poured oil and wine into his wounds, and carried him to the infirmary of the convent, where he remained some weeks before he recovered his senses; after which he lay stretched upon a bed for three months, suffering agonies of pain.

His father, who had been the jailor, and almost the murderer of his son, heard of these sufferings without remorse, nor did he ever see him more. But, though he was sufficiently obdurate to bear unmoved the calamities he had inflicted on his child, though he could check the upbraidings of his own conscience, he could not silence the voice of public indignation. The report that Mons. du F—— had been found lying on the road bathed in blood, and had in that condition been dragged to the prison of St. Yon, was soon spread through the town of Rouen. Every one sympathised in the fate of this unfortunate young man, and execrated the tyranny of his unrelenting father.

The universal clamor reached the ear of his brother, Mons. du B——, who now, for the first time, out of respect to the public opinion, took a measure which his heart had never dictated during the long captivity of his brother, that of visiting him in prison. Mons. du B——'s design in these visits was merely to appease the public; for small indeed was the consolation they afforded to his brother. He did not come to bathe with his tears the bed where that unfortunate young man lay stretched in pain and anguish; to lament the severity of his father; to offer him all the consolation of fraternal tenderness:——he came to pierce his soul with "hard unkindness' altered eye, which mocks the tear it forc'd to flow!"

(To be continued.)

PORTRAIT OF GODWIN, &c.

FROM MR. AUSTIN'S LETTERS.

LONDON, *May* 15.

IMAGINE to yourself a man of short stature, who has just past the prime of life, whose broad high forehead is fast retreating to baldness, but whose ruddy, thoughtful yet open countenance discovers both the temperature of health and philosophy: of manners remarkably mild, unassuming, rather reserved; in conversation cautious, argumentative, frequently doubtful, yet modestly courting reply, more from desire of truth, than a love of contending; in his family, affectionate, cordial, accommodating; to his friends confidential, ready to make any sacrifice; to his enemies—you would never know from Mr. Godwin, that he had an enemy.

Mr. Godwin lives at Sommerstown, about three miles from the city. His house with us would be considered neat and simple; here it is called a cottage. His study is small, and looks into the country; his library not extensive, yet sufficiently large for a man who depends more on his own resources, than on the labors of others. The portrait of *Mary*, taken by Northcote, hangs over the fire place. This rendered the study one of the most interesting places I ever visited. Though I have frequently been in the study, I have only ventured to look at the portrait. Mr. Godwin is since married to a charming woman, who seems devoted to domestic happiness. He is at present occupied with his *Geoffry Chaucer*, a work of great expectation.

A billet from Mr. Godwin informed me this morning that Mr. Holcroft and Doctor Wolcott would dine there today.

Mr. Holcroft though nearly sixty, has suffered nothing, either from years, laborious mental exertion or persecution. He has all the activity and vivacity of youth. Just returned from the continent, whither he had voluntarily banished himself in compliance to the wishes of the English government, he has brought back with him not the least resentment. Persecution instead of embittering his disposition, has had that effect which it has on all good men.—A villain will always hate mankind in proportion to his knowledge of the world; a good man on the contrary will increase in philanthropy.

Literature is not a little honored, when one of her votaries, leaving a mechanical employment at a period of life when habit is usually become nature, has successfully holden the pen and realised a handsome support. Still more charming is it to see her votaries giving proofs of the strongest friendship.—Holcroft and Godwin are firm friends. A striking likeness of the former, by Northcote, is in the dining room.

Dr. Wolcott, in appearance, is a genuine John Bull, and until he opens his mouth, you would little suspect his relationship to the *poet of Thebes*. He is a portly man, rather unwieldy, and I believe not in haste to leave his chair, when he is pleased with his seat. He is hastening to old age and seems disposed to make the most of life he can.

There is little similarity of character between Wolcott and Godwin. They are both constant in mental exertion; but the one prefers to sit on a silver cloud and be wafted through the four quarters of the world, looking down on all the varieties of nature, and the follies of man. The other, possessed of the nicest moral feelings, loves to envelope himself in darkness and abstraction, in order to contemplate whatever is just, fit, or useful. The one laughing, dressed in the gaiety of spring, enters society with a pruning hook; the other more serious, labors with the plough-share. Holcroft, who never began to think until his reasoning powers had come to maturity, owing to a neglect of education, embarrassed by no system, follows the dictates of his own mind, and if he is sometimes erroneous, the error is all his own, it is never a borrowed error. Hence his conversation embellished by the variety of life which he has seen, is rendered rich, brilliant, original and impressive.

It is singular, but I believe old age is more disposed to egotism, and more open to flattery, than youth. I cannot account for it only from their fondness for the past, and a certain kind of jealousy natural to old age. But a man like Wolcott, and a poet too, whose society has been courted as much as his works has been read, will naturally, in the company of friends frequently find in himself a subject for conversation; nor is this in the least displeasing.—Those are always the greatest egotists who are most offended with the egotism of others. Wolcott seemed delighted with the following anecdote respecting certain of his works. He said the ministry had it in contemplation to prosecute him for a libel; and when the good policy of the prosecution was questioned, the gracious Lord Thurlow, *to whom he owed great obligations*, rose and asked his fellows *if they were sure the jury would condemn him?* And on the surmise of a mere doubt, Thurlow said, he would be d———d then, if it was expedient to prosecute. But I was struck with surprize and horror, when Mr. Goodwin informed me the ministry once had it on the carpet to prosecute the *Political Justice*. I took occasion on this to ask him, how long he had devoted himself to literature before he was known to the world? He replied, it was *ten years* before he was known as an author.—This ought to inspire the persevering with new ardor.

Wolcott, like most men of genius, has a contempt for mere scholars, who walking on the stilts of pedantry, imagine themselves a head taller than other folks. The talents of a certain famous man being questioned, Wolcott observed, he was not a man of genius, but a man of great capacity, and said, if we would attend to him, he would distinguish between the *learned man*, the man of *capacity*, and the man of *genius*,—"Here" said he, "we will suppose a quantity of coins, ducats, pistoles, dollars, guineas on this table. The learned man will be able, after thumbing his dictionaries for half an hour, to tell you the names of these coins in all languages. The man of capacity will go farther and tell you the value of each, and the amount of the whole together, with every thing relative to their use, difference of exchange and origin. But who invented these coins? The man of genius." This gave general satisfaction. However, it was replied, and I thought very justly, that unless the man of genius should acquire capacity, his genius without capacity, would be less useful than capacity without genius. For, the exertion of genius is rare.—God does not every day create a world: and although genius may claim a higher prerogative than capacity, they are mutually indebted to each other. If genius gives employ to capacity, not unfrequently does capacity give direction and result to genius.

EXTRACT

From the will of an old Bachelor,

Who died at the age of 87.

Translated from the German, by Madame de Montolieu.

——LOVE, hope, and even fear, ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity. It is to escape this insipidity, so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand trifles, a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses—one learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music— this man learns to cultivate flowers, the other to write books, &c.

These various means of escaping *ennui* had nothing in them to captivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father; celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest; my vows were always sincere and honorable, as I only aspired to become a good husband and a good father of a family. I have been in love seven times—is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah my friend——my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle, innocent girl, who was to me most only a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly—death snatched her from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair one animated my heart; I exerted all my assiduities with kindness—she blushed and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I, with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion; she interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had a long time been attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third; a young lady who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declaration with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms. Amelia, (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests, considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me, but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal; but as I had been more dazzled by her charms, than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it; I recollected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention; the general elegance of her hair struck me, and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind, to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person.

This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual, was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in mine eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I followed her with assiduity; I suffered no opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return, when suddenly her parents said to me "That my frequent visits to their house did them much honor; that they begged I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected, and they besought me as a friend, not to offer him any offence."

My young friend gave me to understand, that she would have preferred me, but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable, and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine that I became a little timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamored; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time I was very seriously so. I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them; I regularly passed before her windows three times a day, and when she appeared, with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently, and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance, she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her, when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, "Come, I pray, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous." A young man approached her, and passing his arms round her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary soon renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would.

I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressed myself to her who pleased me most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. "Are you at liberty?" said I, entering, "Yes," answered she, "absolutely free." "Will you accept my heart and hand?" "Both" said she, smiling, and extending her's. From that moment, I considered myself married: but this engagement so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of particular circumstances; happily before the ceremony. I perceived * * * * * * * * * * *. In short, she was unfaithful; and God be praised, she was not

my wife. It requires much precaution thought I: one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion. Try once more: I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable—a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of two much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions, all her intentions, without making my declaration. I hoped incessantly—I was as yet only in the *fourth year* of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected, she was carried off by a young man who knew her only *four days*. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours; I shall still love the ladies, but this sentiment is accompanied by such timidity, that I cannot again venture to speak to them.

[The following account of an extraordinary instance of affection between a male and female *Parrot*, is extracted from Bingley's Animal Biography.

A Male and female of this species (the Ethiopean or Guinea parrot) were lodged together in a large square cage. The vessel which held their food was placed at the bottom. The male usually sat upon the same perch with the female, and close beside her. Whenever one descended for food, the other always followed; and when their hunger was satisfied, they returned together to the highest perch of the cage. They passed four years together in this state of confinement: and from their natural attentions and satisfactions, it was evident a strong affection for each other had been excited. At the end of this period, the female fell into a state of languor, which had every appearance of old age: her legs swelled, and knots appeared upon them, as if the disease had been of the nature of the gout. It was no longer possible for her to descend and take her food as formerly; but the male assiduously brought it to her, carrying it in his bill and delivering it to hers. He continued to feed her in this manner with the utmost vigilance, for four entire months. The infirmities of his mate, however, increased every day; and at length she became no longer able to sit upon the perch: she remained now crouched at the bottom, and from time to time made a few useless efforts to regain the lower perch; while the male, who remained close by her, seconded those feeble attempts with all his power. Sometimes he seized with his bill the upper part of her wing, to try to draw her up to him; sometimes he took hold of her bill and attempted to raise her up, repeating his efforts for that purpose several times. His countenance, his gestures, his continual solicitude; every thing, in short, indicated in this affectionate bird an ardent desire to aid the weakness of his companion, and to alleviate her sufferings. But the scene become still more interesting, when the female was on the point of expiring. Her unfortunate companion went round and round her, without ceasing: he redoubled his assiduities and his tender cares; he attempted to open her bill, in order to give her some nourishment; his emotion became every instant redoubled: he went to her and returned with the most agitated air, and with the utmost inquietude:—At intervals he uttered the most plaintive cries; at other times, with his eyes fixed upon her, he preserved a sorrowful silence. His faithful companion at length expired: he languished from that time, and survived her only a few months.

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[The reader will smile at the pleasantry, as well as approve the good sense, of the following thought on Temperance, taken from the Invalid, by the late venerable nonagenarian, the Rev. R. Graves:—

"IT has been observed, that all other animals besides men are contented with one species of food, flesh, fish, or fowl, or vegetables; and never encroach on that of a different species.

The lion, though invested with sovereign power, and living in regal style, is content with the leg of a calf, or the haunch of a stag; never thinks of a second course, or of a desert, or even of a sauce, cauliflower, or carrot, pickled cucumber, or the like.

The eagle also, king of the birds, feasts himself and the royal family, the young princes and the infanta, on a brace of pheasants, a turkey, or a dozen pigeons; but would not debase himself by stooping to a nest of larks or robin red breasts for a second course.

But man, as lord of the creation, by his prerogative, falls foul on whatever comes in his way, and ransacks the universe to gratify his voracious appetite; the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the forest, with vegetables of every genus and every species: not only the herbs, which were intended for the use of man, but roots, which seem reserved for the food and the snouts of hogs; nay, even the excrescences of nature, mushrooms, and truffles, indigestible substances, which, if they were ever intended to be eaten, it must probably have been by the inhabitants of the infernal regions.

If temperance, however, regulated our use of these various articles of food with which Providence indulges us; if we killed the animals without cruelty, and cooked them with plainness and simplicity, they might be, what Providence intended them, instead of what we too often make them, a blessing and not a curse. But when we torture them in taking away their lives, as we often do, and scarrify, carbonade, and be-devil their flesh, not only with pepper and salt, as we do the gizzard of a turkey, but adding a little nutmeg, a little cinnamon, a blade of mace, with chalot and onions, &c. and eat it with oil, vinegar and mustard; such an heterogeneous mixture, instead of producing a lacteous chyle, flowing through the alimentary canal, like the gentle stream of Arno, must become a caustic fluid, rushing like the fiery torrent of Vesuvius, harrowing up and tearing the vessels; or at least generate fever, calentures, and every disease incident to the human body.

A Learned and witty dissenting minister, not many years deceased, married three wives; the first for her pecuniary advantages, the second on account of personal charms; the third he married in his old age, for the sake of securing her attention and his own comfort; she, however, proved "a very shrew." Well, said the Reverend to a friend, I have in my time had three wives; the *world*, the *flesh*, and the *devil*.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 31, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 62 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 6—burn 1—cholera morbus 1—convulsions 3—dropsy 3—dropsy in the head 1—drowned 1—dysentery 2—bilious fever 1—malignant fever (an English lady, arrived about three months ago, who died after an illness of five days) 1—nervous fever 1—puerperal fever 1—typhus fever 1—flux 24—intemperance 1—mortification 1—old age 2—palsy 2—sore throat 2—sprue 1—sudden death (occasioned by drinking cold water) 1—suicide by laudanum 1—teething 2—vicerated abdomen 1—ulcers 1—

Of whom 11 were men—14 women—21 boys—and 16 girls.

Of whom 17 were of and under the age of one year—12 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—4 between 10 and 20—9 between 20 and 30—3 between 30 and 40—5 between 40 and 50—3 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 2 between 80 and 90.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

On Wednesday afternoon six lads, apprentices to Hugh M'Intyre, stone cutter (two of whose boys were frozen to death last winter on the ice) were sailing in a pleasure boat belonging to Mr. Hall, between Governor's island and Staten island, when a sudden gust of wind struck and upset the boat, and she immediately went down. Five of the six perished, and one, named James Sands, was picked up by a market boat after swimming about two miles. The names of the persons drowned are James Wend, Mathew Gawdy, Daniel Lamout, James Milligan, and Ralph Van Houter.

A ferry-boat belonged to Mr. Garret Naphie, in which were himself and two ferrymen, was upset on Monday in Rockaway bay, coming over the bar, and lost. All the persons on board perished.

General Moreau.—The ship New-York, captain George, arrived here on Saturday last, in 48 days from Cadiz, with general Moreau, his lady, and two children, on board, in good health—They landed at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and were received by the citizens with the most respectful attention.

Phil. pap.

London, June 22d.

A riot took place at this Theatre on Saturday evening last, which threatened to produce the most serious consequences to the property of the house. An intimation was some time ago given to the directors of the Opera, from the police-office, that if the entertainments were not regularly closed before midnight, prosecutions would be commenced against them. Desirous of complying with this mandate, which was supposed to originate with the bishop of London, the Directors have ever since abridged the performances on Saturday evenings; and on Saturday instead of the very long ballet of Ossian, they substituted Paul et Virginie, between the first and second act of the opera, and gave only the second act of Ossian at the close. This act contains the most attractive part of the ballet, and particularly the brilliant Pas de Deux of the Des Hayes, which is a chef d' œuvre of the art. The result of this arrangement however was, that the curtain dropped at half past 11. The spectators seemed disappointed, and a loud call was made for the ballet to go on. The band in the orchestra closed their books, and were quitting their seats, when one of the books was siezed by a young gentleman and flung on the stage. This appeared to be the signal for action. A chair was thrown from one of the boxes at a chandelier, and broke it all to pieces. The audience who appeared all ripe for sport enjoyed the fun; several of the ladies laughing and by their smiles and nods encouraging the gentleman to go on---The orchestra was stormed in a moment by a party from the pit. The musicians sought their safety by flight; fiddles and dulcimers, catgut and wire, formed one mass of destruction. The grand pianoforte, which cost 100 guineas, was shivered to atoms; and of 18 violins only 5 survived the horror of the night. The next attempt was upon the curtain, which with the wings of the great scene, was soon torn to pieces. A beautiful transparent scene, said to have cost 500l. was let down in hopes that it would be respected, but this did not avail, for the fashionable Vandals completely destroyed it. Of the numerous lustres in the lower part of the house, four only escaped their fury, and twenty-two out of thirty-two rich chandeliers were demolished. The guards were called in, but seeing officers, noblemen, and gentlemen of distinction engaged, they refused to take an active part and to proceed to any measure of force. Several constables appeared, but their ensigns of authority were wrested from them, and they were glad of permission to escape. Mr. Kelly, came forward to endeavor to explain the conduct of the house, and respectfully to state that they could only bow with submission to the injunctions that had been given them. But he was not heard.—Violent clamor ensued; Mr. D'Egville, Mr. Jewell, and Mr. Gould, the proprietor, were indiscriminately called for. Even the right reverend Prelate, at whose desire the regulation was established, in the humor of the house, came in for a large share of the abuse, and some of the rioters actually proposed that he should be sent to answer for himself. The pannels of the boxes were broken to pieces; the seats torn up, and the interior of the house reduced to ruin. At length the remaining lights were extinguished, and about half past two o'clock, the company being left in darkness, ceased from further violence.

The riot continued full three hours, and the damage is by some accounts estimated at £5000. It appeared evident that the whole was a preconcerted affair, in order to testify the indignation of the fashionable mob, at their being denied to extend their amusements into Sunday; and even some of the members of Parliament are said to have been among the most active aggressors. We hope for the legislature, that this was not the fact. A prosecution it is said will

be immediately commenced against the ringleaders of this tumult.

During the cry of "Gould, Gould," at the Opera House on Saturday night, a Frenchman in the gallery observed, "dese English be ever crying for de money."

FEMALE SOLDIER.

A curious circumstance occurred lately at Dumfries. One of the fencibles, quartered in that town, was discovered to be a woman, after having been 18 months in the service. The discovery was made by the tailor, when he was trying on the new clothes. Itis remarkable that she concealed her sex so long, considering she always slept with a comrade and sometimes with two. She went by the name of John Nicholson (her real name being Jean Clark) and, strange as it may appear, was esteemed a wag among the lasses. It is even said, that she caused a lass at Drumfries to fall deeply in love with her; but who, since the discovery, is perfectly cured.

Lon. Pap.

MARRIED.

On Friday evening last week, at New Brunswick (N. J.) Mr. Adam Geib, of this city, to Miss Margaret Howe, late of this city.

On Saturday last, Mr. Samuel Hake, to Miss Eve Margaret Elizabeth Depeyster, daughter of James W. Depeyster, esq. all of this city.

Birth.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, at her residence, in Park-place, Camberwell, (Eng.) Madame Jerome Bonaparte, of a SON.

DIED,

On the 30th ult. at Mount Airy, Dr. Uriah Lewis, late of the State of N. York.

On Monday evening last week, Captain Daniel M'Lane, an officer during the revolutionary war, and afterwards of the first regiment of artillery of the United States, under the command of General Wayne.

At New Haven, Mrs. Mary Beers, aged 60, wife of Isaac Beers, esq.

At Sterling, (Long Island) on Sunday, the 18th of August, Mr. Orange Webb, sen. aged 74.

On Thursday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Anna Maria Codwise, wife of Mr. George Codwise, of this city, in the 64th year of her age.

On Monday, the 19th inst. at Bridgeport, (Con.) after a lingering illness, Mrs Abigail Norris, the amiable consort of Mr. Robert Norris, merchant, of this city,—in the 27th year of her age.

At Poughkeepsie, on Friday the 9th inst. after a lingering illness, and deeply regretted by his friends and accquaintances, Mr. Thomas M'Cullough, in the 30th year of his age, he was a native of Ireland, and resided in the United States, the last 4 years of his life, during which period he gained the love and esteem of all Societies and ranks of his fellow brethern.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by J. HEWITT,
At his Musical Repository No. 59
Maiden Lane,

WHA WANTS ME.
Sung with great applause by Miss Dellinger.

JUST LIKE LOVE.
Sung with great applause by Mr. Hodgkinson.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM.

AH! FATAL WAS THE MORNING.

THE MAID OF THE MEAD,

THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE,

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
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W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, *to No.*71 *Nassau-street, where he practices* PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the powe of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 *Nassau St. where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No.*64, *Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous lis.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell, Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occationed by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

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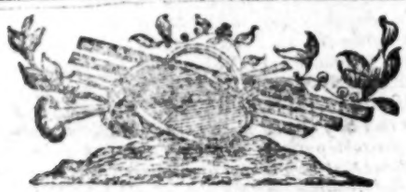

THE EVENING STAR.

BY T. CAMPBELL,

GEM of the crimson color'd ev'n,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heav'n,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensive beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So do thy plighted steps return
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To peace, to pleasure, and to love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamor'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chas'd by the soul-subduing power
Of love's delicious extacy.

O sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars appear,
And early rise, nor long delay
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That leads the nightingale abroad,
And guides the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

There, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star!

The following is an excellent ridicule of the affected, minute and puerile style, so much in vogue among modern Bards.

BY the side of a murmuring stream,
As an elderly gentleman sat,
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice,
And plung'd in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat;
But he dropt in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat,
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

CUFFEE and Pat, at Tyburn met,
Under the gallows:
(The first acknowledg'd that he ow'd the debt,
But Teague was callous)
Attended by a priest so sage and hoary,
To plead their cause, and frank their souls to glory.

He thus the Irishman address'd—
"My friend, if it be your request,
"I'll with you pray—
"What dost thou say?—"
But Teague indignant cried, Not I d'ye see;
"No, by my shoul, shaint Patrick prays for me;
"So stand away."

The parson pitied much their sad condition:
But Cuffee showing signs of deep contrition,
(And dropt instinctive on his knees,)
The *domine* an effort on him tried,
And ask'd his leave to pray;—Cuffee replied,
"Yes, massa please."

The parson upward turn'd his eyes,
And thus address'd the Sovereign of the skies:—

"O thou blest Saviour of mankind,
Through whom alone we pardon find;
Deign in thy mercy, Lord, to send
A troop of angels to attend
The souls of these unhappy mortals,
And guard them safe to heaven's portals;
And when stern justice here shall loose 'em,
Convey their souls to ABRA'M'S BOSOM—"

"Avast, Avast!"
With low'ring aspect, interrupted Paddy—
"Not quite so fast,
Old daddy."

The wond'ring parson stood amaz'd,
And on the harden'd victim gaz'd,
And begg'd the meaning of such uncouth figures:
Paddy continued thus—"Abra'm, I trow,
Will not be thanking ye to use him so,
And stuff his bosom with a pack of Nagurs."

PROTEUS

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Mask of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

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July 26, 1805.

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